

THE
Rival Queans.

With the HUMOURS of
Alexander the GREAT.

A
Comical - Tragedy.

As it was Acted at the Theatre-Royal, in
Drury-Lane.

*Once like a Vine I flourish'd, and was Young,
Rich in my ripning Hopes that spoke me strong :
But now a dry and wither'd Stock am grown,
And all my Clusters and my Branches gone.*

Written by Mr. CIBBER.

DUBLIN:

Printed by J. A. CARSON, for THOMAS BENSON,
at the *Shakespeare's Head*, in *Castle-Street*, 1729.

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But when I see I should, and am, I say,
As to my rising, hope that looks me proud;
But when I see and wonder'd stock me grow,
And in my Chaffers and my Brackets grow.

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(3)
Dramatis Personae.

M E N.

Alexander the Great

Clitus

Istambasus

Hephestion

Cassander

Polyperchon

Perdiccas

Melander

Artabazus

W O M E N.

Syrphandra

Roxana

Statira

Partholabus

Attendants

Dancers

SCENE London.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Alexander the Great.
Clytus,
Lysimachus,
Hephestion,
Cassander
Polyperchon
Perdiccas
Melagar
Aristander

W O M E N.

Sysigambis
Roxana
Statira
Parisatis

<i>Attendants,</i>	<i>Slaves,</i>
<i>Dancers,</i>	<i>Guards,</i>

SCENE *London.*

(3)



THE
Rival-Quean's, &c.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Lyfimachus and Hephestion, Boxing.

Enter Clytus, parts 'em

CLYTUS.

H EY Day ! What are you Boxing ? Ha ! give
o'er.
Thy Nose, *Hephestion*, Bleeds. ——— Come,
come, no more.

Lyf. A Rogue, I'll beat his Eyes out ; Let me come !
I'll teach him Love.

Cly. Sir, don't be troublesome.
You've had enough for once.

Lyf. Enough old *Clytus* !

Cly. I say Enough ! Why sure ! Do you think to
fright us.

A 2

Hep

The Rival Queens.

Hep. O Reverend *Chrysus*! Father of our Frolicks,
Take pity on my Youth, and see fair Play;
Kill me, or let me Box with him again.

Cly. Stay thee *Lyfimachus*! *Hephestion*, hold,
I Bar you both, my Body Interpos'd,
Now let me see which of you dares to strike,
For that rash Fist that first is Doubled —

Lyf. Well, I shall find another Time —

Hep. And I.

Cly. You Lye.

Another Time! what Time! what School-boy's Hour?
No time shall see a choice Lad do amiss.
What on this famous Day?

Lyf. That's true.

Cly. This memorable Day!

When our hot Master that would Roast the World,
Out-ride the Lab'ring Sun, and kick about the Stars.
When he inclines to Jest, and Laughs and Plays
With Bayliffs, whom he us'd to Drive; shall We
Like Coxcombs fall together by the Ears?

Lyf. Why faith that's true again.

Hep. He speaks like an Oracle.

Cly. Come, come you silly Blockheads, ev'n shake
Hands,

Or all shall out — That's well — And now your
Friends,

Hephestion wash thy Face, and follow Us

To meet the King: Jogg on *Lyfimachus*.

[Exunt.]

Enter *Cassander*, Solus.

Cass. The Morning rises in the Dark before
Tis Day; the early Sun as if he knew
The Roads were bad, jogs but a Carriers pace;

Thunder and Lightning.

The

The Rival-Queens.

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The Gentlemen above Stairs are Angry,
And seems to Roar for *Alexanders* Fall,
A tatter'd Link-Boy in the dead of Night
Threw my Feet Curtains back, and cry'd a Light,
Then like a bellowing Bull he thus went on,
Well! oh Well! had it been for *Babylon*,
If curst *Cassander* ne'er had been his Father's Son.

Enter *Theſſalus* and *Phillip*.

Theſ. Hiſt! Hiſt! *Cassander*, Hiſt;

Cas. Who's that!

Phil. Your Friends.

Cas. Hah! *Theſſalus* and *Phillip*, is it you?

Dear Lads welcome! What have we now to do,

Phil. Theſe Letters by the Poſt from *Macedon*
I now receiv'd, which ſay that Nothing's done.

Your Mother was in Labour long for you,
And you'r as ſlow in Pains of Miſchief too,

Cas. No, *Phillip*, no, I never ſhall forget,
How he at *Suſa* ſwore he'd have me beat;
And after that when all were in our Cups,
How once his Back-hand ſouſ'd me o'r the Chopp;
Which when I e'er put up, and unreveng'd,
May I again be like a Rascal ſwing'd
When ſuch Affronts as theſe I tamely bear,
May my laſt Cravat be of Hempen Wear.

Phil. Nay, I have been Affronted too——

Theſ. And I.

Cas. He has Kickt and Thump't us all.

Phil. Then he muſt——

Cas. Dye.

Theſ. Why ſhou'd we more delay the glorious Deed,
If all your Hearts are firm, let's do't with Speed.
Your Hand.

Phil. There's mine.

ca

The Rival Queens.

Cass. And mine.

Thef. No more.

Cas. He's Dead.

But hold, I'd like to have forgot a Matter,
Tho' very much it don't concern you neither.
You've heard I guess of his Intreagues of late,
With Proud *Roxana*, whom to swell my Hate
To *Alexander* more, I Love— Sir, she
It seems is now inform'd again, that he
Designs *Statira's* Triumph shall go on,
So follows like a Fury up to Town.

Statira on the other side now tears

And flings, and calls him perjur'd Rogue, and swears—

But see it ripens more, the Scene comes on,

I long to see't : But Business must be done.

*Enter Statira, Sysigambis, Parisatis,
Women.*

Stat. Give me an Ax, a Cleaver, Draughts of
Brandy, Burn it, swell Heart ! choak up !
Crack ! crack thou stubborn Thing !
Now, by the sacred Fire, I'll not be held,
Why do you wish me Life, yet stifle me to Death !
Pray give me leave to Stalk—

Pushes down her Attendants.

Sys. Is there no more Reverence to my Person due,
Darius wou'd have hear'd me, trust not Rumour :

Sta. No he Hates,
He Loaths the Beauty which he has Enjoy'd.
Oh ! he is False, that Great that Swinging Man,
Is lewdly False, to all his Punks forsworn,
Yet who wou'd think it— Pshaw ! it cannot be.
It cannot— what, that dear protesting Wagg,
He that has warm'd my Feet with his cold Sighs,
Then cool'd 'em with his scalding Tears,

Out

The Rival Queens.

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Out weep't the Morning with his Rainy Eyes,
And curst and swore the staring Stars away.

Sys. It cannot be, and therefore 'tis Impossible,
I know his Truth too well.

Stat. Away and let me die, for as I hope
To Live, I will, oh! 'tis my Fondness, and my
Easy Nature, that wou'd excuse him,
'Tis now the common Talk, the Tattle of the Town,
False to *Statira*! False to her that Lov'd him!
That lov'd him, Dirty Dear, once as he was,
And took him daub'd all o're with *Persian* Blood,
Kiss'd his poor Thumps and Bruses, wash'd 'em o're
And o're like any Thing——Then snatch'd him up,
Laid him all Night in my bare Bosom snug,
Nurs'd like a Child, and Hush'd him with my Lull-
a-bys.

Par. If this be true! ah! who wou'd ever trust a
Man again:

Stat. A Man! a Man my *Parisatis*!
Thus with thy Paws held up, thus let me swear thee,
By the round roasted Body of the Sun,
Whose Body (O bless me from swearing)
I Lov'd not half so well as the least Great Toe
Of my Dear Precious——Rascal, *Alexander*;
For I will tell thee, and to warn thee of him,
Not the Sinks Mouth, nor Breath of *Rockumbote*,
Nor the four smell of Infant Sheets, nor opening Beds,
Nor all the Shops in *Covent Garden* Market
Are half so Rank, as *Alexanders* Breast,
From every Pore of him a fume falls forth,
He Kisses softer than a sucking Child,
Curles like a Vine, and Touches!——ch Gud!

Sys. When will thy Whimfies rest?

Stat. Will you not give me leave to warn my Sister,
As I was saying —— but I told thee how he smelt,
Then he will talk! good Gods! how he will talk!

And

The Rival Queens.

And he will Swear, good lack! how he will swear!

Par. But what was it you wou'd have me I wear?

Stat. Really I don't know.

Let me but Walk, I'll tell you when I think on't,

Sys. Have patience Child, and mind not what he says;
Lovers are always in the oddest ways.

Par. But what if she shou'd hang her self,

Stat. *Roxana* Then Enjoys my perjur'd Rogue!

Roxana! hangs my Rascal in her Arms,

Doats on my Lips, Eats him with hungry Kisses,

She Gobbles him up, devours every Inch of him,

I cannot spare it—— t'is too much, I'll Die;

I'll Die, or rid me of this burning Torture,

I will have Remedy, I will, I will,

Or, make the Devil to do.

Madam, draw near, for now it comes into my Head;

I'll make a Vow.

Sis. Take heed and first think better;

Stat. Diswade me not I'll do't,

Par. Nay, *Statty*.

Sys. Daughter —— yet hold.

Stat. I'll do't as I am a Diving Creature;

And here I bid adieu to all Mankind;

Farewel ye Bilkers of our easy Sex,

And thou the greatest Rascal *Alexander*!

Farewel thou once belov'd, thou faithless Rogue;

If I but mention him the Tears will trickle down;

Sure, there's not a Letter in his Name,

That is not pick'd out of the Criss-cross-Row.

Sis. Wilt thou not see him?

Stat. No, if I do ——

That is, my Vow, my wicked Resolution,

And when I break it ——

Sys. Nay, dear Daughter ——

Stat. Fierce Thunder split me to the Small Guts

down.

Sis.

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Sys. Still kneel ; and yet unwear it all again.

Par. O Goodness ! sure my Sisters Brains are Addle,
And where shall wretched *Parisatis* Twaddle ;

Stat. When to my bare-Wall'd Garret I retire,
Your Sight I thro' the Window shall desire,
And after *Alexanders* Tricks Enquire.

And if this Whimsy cannot be remov'd,

Ask how my Resolution he approv'd,

How much he Loves, how little he's belov'd.

Then when I hear from you how all Things goe,

Thank the good Gods and shut my Casement too.

End of the First Act.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Cassander, Phillip, Thessalus.

CASANDER.

HE comes, the Blustering Bully of the World,
The Headlong *Alexander*, with a Croud
Of gaping Fools, comes on to *Babylon*.

Oh ! how it makes me Glad as any thing,

To think that we shall see him rack't e're long :

I know he Loves *Statira* more than to'ther Bottle,

But when he hears the Oaths that she has Rapp'd,

Her Vow'd Divorce, how will the News confound
him.

Phil. To baulk his Longing, and delude his Lust,
Is more than Death ! 'tis Earnest for the Devil and all.

Cas. Then comes *Roxana* who must help our Party,
She's Jealous, Bloody—— Come my Lads be hearty.

B

Thes.

The Rival Queens.

Jhes. To see two Noisy Jilts by Turns to seize him.

Cas. With a Variety of Torment Torze him.

Phil. The one pursues him, while the other flies him,

Ca. The one he flies, whom he pursues denies him.

But Mum—— For see *Lyfimachus* is coming,

Hephestion too! Look sharp, and fall a Humming,

Hum! hum! hum!

Enter Lyfimachus and Hephestion.

Lys. Here will I stand, and wait the Kings approach,
And if to do me Justice he think much,

You Sir, and I must have another touch.

Hep. with all my Heart Sir, let the King decide it,
But your dry Boxing faith I can't abide it.

Thes. How the Mobb gathers!

Cass. Nothing to what it will ——do's he not come,

To pay a thousand, thousand Creditors?

Which of all Trades bring in their Bills to Day,

As if the Parliament of the World,

Had met, and rais'd a Sum, that might Discharge

The infinite Arrears o'th Universe.

Enter Aristander and Clytus.

Ar. Haste hobbling *Clytus*! haste and stop the King.

Cly. Why, what's the matter?

Ar. O! The damndest thing——

That ever Malice to his Shame cou'd bring.

Cly. Stand here, the Crowds that offer him Assistance,
Keep all that shou'd approach at certain Distance.

Ar. Tho' he were hem'd with Dutchesles I'd tell

[*Play Tongs &c. here.*]

My News, and turn him back from Jayle,

Cly. He comes! his Tongs and Grid-Irons strike
my Ears.

And see the Bully of the World appears,

Enter

The Rival Queens:

II

Enter *Alexander*, all kneel but *Clytus*

Hep. O Son of some Body, Live for ever!

Alex. Rise halt! half of the rest get up

And now Rise all.

O my *Hephestion*, Raise thee on thy Leggs,

Up to my Lips, and jump into my Mouth,

Why hang thy Arms so like a Changling!

Kiss me, or else by Heaven thou Lov'st me not,

Hep. Not Love my Lord!

Break not the Heart you've put into a Frame,

And made the Moulding of such an Excellence!

'Twas only fit for your immortal Picture,

Not Love the King! such is not Harlots Love!

So fond of fooling, such a swealing flame,

As I must doubt to find in Lamps of Oyl.

Alex. Thou dost (kiss me dear Rogue) thou dost,

I know

Thou Lov'st me more, than *Clytus* do's a Bean,

Nay, don't Cry *Hephestion*;

I read thy Passion in thy Manly Eyes,

And Glory in those Planners of my Life,

Above the Glareing Lights that shine to *Kensington*.

Lys. So: so, I'm like to Thrive,

Eut tho' I Tilt with him, I'll on.

Alex. Give me thy Hand, share all my Stars while

I'm aliye, and when my Hour of Fate comes on,

I'll leave thee what thou merits more than I,

The Moon.

Lys. Dread Sir, I Swop me at your Royal Feet!

Alex. What my *Lyfimachus*! whose Guts are full

Of Our Illustrious Liquor, Cozen, Rise,

Is not that *Clytus*?

Cly. Your old Ragged Soldier.

Alex. Come Buss me both, and let me Hug you close;

B 2

And

And now methinks I stand like an unfeather'd Cock
 Well Trust, and Ready for the Spit.
 My Liver Thou; and Thou my Mighty Gizzard.
 I've seen thy Sword out slice a Cleavers Chop;
 And when I've cry'd begon and Execute,
 I've seen him run swifter than starting Hinds;
 Nor touch'd the very Ground he trod upon,
 Swifter than Whimsys in a Poets Brain.
 For even the Winds with all their Stock of Wings
 Have puff'd behind as wanting Breath to reach him.

Cly. Who wou'd not Love his last
 Dear drop of Blood for such a Complement?

Alex. Witness my Eldest Sister in the Sky,
 How much I love a Soldier! O my *Chylus*!

Was it not when we past the *Granicus*,
 Thou did'st preserve me from a world of Thumps?
 It was; when *Spythredates*, and *Rhefaces*
 Fell both upon me with two swinging Licks,
 And broke my Studdy'd Snuff-Box all to shatters;
 Then I remember, then thou didst me serve,
 I think my Poker whipt him thro' the Midriff,

Cly. To your great Self you owe that Bout, and sure
 You ne'er Laid on so thick before.

Alex. By Heavens I never did: For well thou knowst
 And I am prouder to have told that Lye:
 Then that I scour'd a Million o'er the Plain.
 Can none remember! Yes, you need not Speak,
 I know all must— Or if you don't, no Matter:
 When Glory like a cock'd-up Beaver stood
 Pearch't on my Foretop, in the *Grannick Flood*;
 When Fortune's Fist my Gauntlet trembling wore,
 And the Pale Fates did something on the Shoar;
 When the Immortals on the Waves got up,
 And I my self appear'd the leading Fop.

Ar. But all the Frolicks that that your Youth has done
 Are lost, unless you fly from *Babylon*.
 Haste to some place of Privilege, away,

Fly

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Fly for your Life, you'r Catch-pold if you stay,
This Morning having search't the Offices,
To the King's-Bench, I went, and Common-Pleas,
And found against you Writs in both of these;
Then to the Attorney, Fee'd with flatter'd hope,
In haste I ran to make the matter up,
When he'll Appearance take, he Answers mild,
'Twas so of Old, and the great Lawyer smil'd;
But now in Hoarse Voice, surly he Reply'd;
Loud as the Roar of London-Bridge he cry'd,
I tell you Sir, your Prigg of Babylon,
To his stone Doublet will be dragg'd anon;
Unless he straight find City Bail, or Money down.

Alex. Be witness for me, all ye powers Divine,
If Fools will trust me, 'tis no fault of mine:
Therefore let Bayliffs face me with a Band
I'th Dark, my Courage still her Ground shall stand;
While my Statira shines I cannot Stray,
Love lifts his Link to Light me on the Way,
And her Eyes are Flambeaus— As a Man may say!

Lys. E're you remove, be pleas'd, Dread Sir,
To let me speak a Word with you.

Alex. Out with it.

Lys. For all that I have done for you Abroad,
I beg your Sister here at Home.

Alex. Do you so! I thought I'd told you once before
Hephestion had a mind to her: No more.

Lys. Hephestion!

Alex. Look'ee, don't you be troublesome.

Lys. Sir, when you Command me not to Love your
Sister,

I must confess I Disobey you as I wou'd
The Gods above, shou'd they Command.

Alex. You should Brave, Sir? Hear me and then!
Don't Speak: When by my Order curst Calisthenes
Was as a Scoundrel ty'd both Neck and Heels,
Your Pity loos'd him in despite of Me;

Don't

Don't think that I forgoe the Business, Sir,
 No, tho' I Pardon'd it : Yet if again
 Thou dare'st to plague me with another such;
 The Fists of Fury shall be doubled at thee:
 In the mean time think not of my little Sister,
 For if thou do'st, by Gimini, Gomini!
 By something else, and as I hope to live,
 I'll not Respect that Drink of mine thou share'st,
 But Use thee as the Vilest Sillytonian.

Lys. I doubted not at first, but it would come
 To Nothing : But my Soul's resolv'd
 And I shall never quit so brave a Girl,
 While I can clinch my Fist's, or lift a Cudgell.

Alex. Against my Bones ! Ha ! was't not so ! how
 Now !

'Tis said that I am Rash ; or an odd Humour,
 But I appeal to any Soul alive,
 If another Man now wou'd not have broke his Head ;
 This Rogue whom I cou'd beat to Clouts
 Dare utter Cuffs and Cudgells.

Cly. Contain your self, dear Sir, my worthy Friend,
 I see it in his Phiz ; wou'd dye upon the Spot
 To do you a piece of Service ; but Love
 You know's the Devil.

Lys. I mean't his Puppy there should feel my Fist,
 For Love demands him Beat, or shall he live
 To Laugh at me, without a Nose in Blood.

Alex. Now be thy own Judge,
 I pardon thee, because I've a mind to't,
 But if once more thou mention thy rash Love,
 Or dar'st Attempt *Hephestion's* precious Bones ;
 I'll pour such Spouts of Indignation on thee,
 No Hackney Coach-man in the Rain, No Ratt
 E're drown'd was half so souz'd as thou shall't be.

Hep. My Lord, the Queen comes to Congratulate
 Your safe and sound Arival.

Enter

Enter Sysgambis and Parisatis.

Alex. Oh thou best of Women !
Dam of my Joy, blest Parent of my Love !

Sys. Permit me thus to make a Curtsey, Sir,
And pay you such Respect as is your due ;
When we were all so bare that not an Eye
Beheld us without a Tear : Yours pity'd us :
You like a Father Cloathed us from Head to Foot,
Gave us clean Shifts, and we grew sweet again.

Par. Which when a Soul forgets so well Rigg'd Out,
May it be brought to the old Raggs again.

Alex. To meet me thus, was mighty prittily done,
But still there wants to crown my Happinels,
My dear Statira, Powder of my Heart,
And Bullet of my Brain, had she but shot
To meet me here, had she gone off,
By this time, I'd been amongst the Gods:
If I cou'd but have told, how to a' got up,
If any Extasy cou'd make a Ladder,
Or, any Rapture Jerk us to the Heavens.

Chy. I wou'd not be the Fool in his way,
That now shall venture to inform him of her Vow.

Alex. How fares my Staty ! ha ! neither Answer me,
Ye raise my Wonders : strike me Dumb, Deaf, and
Blind,

If Royal Sysgambis do's not Cry !
Is she not well ! or is it worse ? keep down ye rising
Sighs,

And Grumble in the hollow of my Guts,
Run to my Heart, and see what you can do there ;
That when to crack a Jest, I call you forth,
Ye may at once Rush through the Doors of Life,
Blow my Blood out, and burst me like a Bladder.

[Squits himself hard upon a Bladder and breaks it]

Cass. How will this Cannon of unruly Whimsys
Roar, when we have stam'd him to the Mouth with
Powder?

Alex. Why stand ye all as ye were Rooted here,
And none will Answer — what not my *Hephostion*?
If ever I oblig'd thee by my Care,
When my quick sight has watch'd thee in the War,
Or, if when bruis'd; I've helpt thee to a Plaister,
Ease me; and tell the Cause of my Disaster:

Hep. Statira, Sir, (which I had told before,
Had not you been so out of Humour)
Has no Disease but fullness;
She heard (for what can scape a jealous Spouse)
That you at *Susa* breaking all your Vows,
Relaps'd and filted by *Roxana's* Wiles,
Gave up your self a Cully to her Smiles;
For which in the Wild fury of her Love she swore,
Never to see you in a Chamber more.

Alex. Oones! did she swear! did that sweet Creature Swear?

No, I'll not believe it, she is all Sylliness,
All melting mild, and calm as a laid Lamb,
Nor can you wake her into Ba! by Heaven,
She is the Child of Love, and she was born in Similies,

Par. I and my sobbing Mother heard her swear,

Alex. O *Statira*!

Sys. Have patience Son, if my Authority
Can work upon her, she again is yours.

Alex. Oh! Mother help me? stand by me; help
your Son,

And move the Soul of my Ill-Natur'd Dear.
But fly, haste before she Locks her Door,
Spend not a thought in a Reply. but get you gone
As you wou'd have me thrive — and *Parisatis*,
Hang thou about her Cloaths, and wet 'em with thy
Tears;

Nay, haste, the breath of Gods, and Eloquence

Of any thing else go along with you.

O my Lungs!

Sys. Now Sir, I hope since you perceive what are,
The Damn'd Plagues of Love, you'll think of mine.

Alex. Ha!

Cly. You Fool! is this a Time?

Alex. Why do'st thou tempt me thus to break thy
Head?

Drubbs thou shou'dst have, were they not courted
so—

But however, Guards take him Prisoner.

Lys. I shall not easily resign my Sword,
'Till I have struck it in my Rivals Guts.

Alex. I charge You Kill him! take him alive!

Cly. Kneel, for I see the Devil in his Eyes.

Lys. I neither Ask, nor Hope a Pardon of him,
But far from it, that where'soe'er I meet
My Rival next, I'll beat his Nose flat.

Alex. Sure we at last shall quench this fiery Spark,
Perdiccas, here, take this Fire to the Pump,
None speak for him, fly, stop his Mouth, away,

Cly. This comes of Love and Ladies;
And yet had I now but a Bottle in my Head,
I shou'd go near to Crab the King about him.

Alex. Come hither Clytus, and my dear Hephestion,
Lend me your Hands, I'm sick at the Stomach:
I fear between Statira's cross Grain'd Love
And fly Roxana's Tricks, I shall have a World of
Plague.

Dep. Better the Persian Jades were all Unrig'd.

Alex. Stand off, and give me Air.

Why was I born a God, proclaim'd a Prince,
Yet never cou'd arrive at Common Sense!
Farewel then Whoring, and the Jest of Love,
By all the Gods I'll to the Tavern move;

Call for the Best, and pay my Money down,
And quite forget I ever Scor'd a Crown.

The End of the Second Act.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter *Roxana* and *Cassander*.

ROXANA.

OH you hav Ruin'd me, you've fir'd my Blood,
Said you so hot upon her!

Cas. Strangely Hot.

Rox. O'sbud!

Cas. He Swounded Thrice at hearing of her Vow,
Then with unheard of Curses rail'd on you,
And call'd you nothing but a thousand Jilts, and Sow,

Rox. Away, begon, and give a Brimstone Room,
My Back is up, my Lights and Midriff split
With the Rack, while passions like the Winds,
Up to the scones rise, and put out all your Candles.

Cas. Let all the Lamps go out, your Eyes can
Light 'em,

Waste then bright Planet, that should rule the world,
Wake like a Candle long Eclips'd in Lanthorn dark;
Tell him his own, and with a squal so loud,
That Midwives may come in,
And think you are in Labour.

Rox. Yes, we will have Revenge my Ladds, we will,
For there is nothing you have said of me,
But comes a full Yard short of what I am,

When

When in my Bib and Apron I at *Zogdia*
Boarding-School did Learn to Dance,
O're my fine Play-Fellows still I wou'd Reign,
Drew from Chalk and Oatmeal, and the Girlish Games
Of Man and Wife, and making Pyes of Dirt,
Broke all their Play-things, and their Babys tore,
Taught 'em to Ride on Five-Barr'd Gates,
To scratch and quarrel, and to Box like Draw-Men.

Cass. Her Look, her Words, her every motion fires
me,

Rox. But when I heard of *Alexander's* scouring,
How with a single Cudgel he had maul'd the Watch,
And from the Round-House, freed a Nest of Whores,
Which for his private Tooth,
The Tyrant Constable had seiz'd ;
Yet with what harmless Roguery he us'd the Drabs,
Pull'd off their Masks, and view'd their Beauties bare,
Methought I hung upon my Fathers Lips,
And wish'd him tell the wanton Tale again.

Cass. How fond the Jilt is — (aside,

Rox. Flesh ! that a Man shou'd be so great and
base

What said he not, when on th' Couch i'th' Dark,
He clasp'd my yeilding Body in his Arms,
And offer'd me a Guinea to be his ?

Then Talk'd, and Kifs'd, and Swore and Ly'd,

Cass. Yet after this prove False.

Rox. Rascal !

Cass. O ! he must be Pump't ! a Person of your
Quality.

Rox. And shall the Daughter of *Darius* hold him,
That VVhey-Fac'd Girle, that wore her Hanging-
Sleeves,

That cry'd for Milk and for a Baby,

When I'd a Bastard of my own at Nurse ?

Cass. Now you appear your self — True Brim-
stone.

The Rival Queens.

Rox. May the young Whelp that wambles in my Guts.

And ripensto be Born a perfect Bully,
Disgrace his Mothers Blood, come forth a Cully,
May she no Caudle Drink, when e're she Crys Out,
If she don't tear the Drab, *Statira's* Eyes out,

Cass. She's on her Journey to the Hogstye now.

Rox. Nay, then I'll Rattle'r here ———

Cass. Take heed the King ———

Rox. Bow, now.

Enter Statira.

Rox. Madam, I hope you'll think me not uncivil,
Roxana weeps to see *Statira* snivel;
How VVhimisical's the Queer resolve you make,
To Court a Pig-stye for great *Sawney's* sake,
'Tis a Revenge that's well Design'd a Dad!
And much I fear 'twill run poor *Sawney* mad.

Stat. You Counterfit a fear and know too well
How much your Paints all VVashes else Excel.
Roxana, who tho' but a Cook-VVench born,
In *Bridewell* made the blustering Bully mourn;
Forgetting blows, when Strong-beer made him warm,
And Rampant, yet even then, you know to Charm.
Give him but Drink enough, you cannot fail
VWhile I the loss of what I Cully'd once bewail.

Rox. I hope your Hatchet-Face will let me follow
To wait you, to the Hog-stye, where you wallow;
VWhere like th' abandon'd Sow, the loss you'll mourn
Of your perfidious Swine, and grunt alone.

Stat. Go thou proud Flirt, and seize my *Sawncy's*
Hand,

Both Hand and Heart were once at my Command;
Grasp his great Neck, Die on his swarthy Breast,
Jilt him like me, which cannot be express'd
He must be Buble'd, for you'll ask a Crown at least,

While

The Rival Queens.

21

While I in Bumpers Drink his health all Day,
Driving my busy Cares in Nant's away,
And Drink so long, 'till I cannot call to pay.

Box. When you Retire to your Romantick Cell,
I'll make your Sollitary Hog-Sty Hell.

Poor Sow ———

Stat. What Says the Creature?

Rox. Sow!

Stat. 'Tis very well.

Rox. Thou shalt not Swill by Day, nor Snore by
Night,

But Still *Roxana* shall they Slumbers fright;
Dreaming of Joys, if thou dar'st Dream of any,
Thy Ghost may think to steal a Kiss of *Sawney*;
But when to his Flock-Bed thy snuffing Air
Shall for a Pinch of Happinels repair;
How will thou Sneeze to find they Rival there!
How will thy Eyes run 'oer when thou shalt see
'Thro' the torn Curtains that gear Whelp and me
Kicking the Cloaths off, then to Kissing fall,
While thou shalt't swear and stamp and tear thy Coif
And Squal.

Stat. Rival take heed, and tempt me not too farr,
My Nails can scratch, and scratching makes a Scarr:

Rox. Lank Jaws, and I, in various Pictures drawn,
Nuzleing each other shaded o're with Lawn,
Shall be the Daily presents I will send
To help thy sorrows to their Journeys end.

And when at last we hear thy Hour draws nigh,
My *Alexander*, my dear Dog and I,
Will come, and crack our Jests upon thy Fortune,
And Laugh! and Kiss thy Soul out thro' the Curtain.

Stat. 'Tis well, I thank thee, thou hast wak'd a

Rage

VWho's Boyling now, no Ladle can aswage;
My Jealousy like thine grows hot apace,
And I dare throw a Mess on't scalding in thy Face.

Rox.

Rox. What wou'd you dare?

Stat. Whatever you dare do,
With doubled fists your Lanthorn-Jaws pursue;
I am by Love a Brimstone made like you;
Scratch or be scratch'd thus acted by Dispair.

Rox. Sure the Sow *Statira* do's not dare!

Stat. Yes Flounder-Mouth'd *Roxana* but I dare.
Such Fish-VVife Language I n'ere gave before,
And were I not a Queen ———

Rox. A Queen, a VVhore!

Stat. Nay then ———

I'll see my Sawny spight of all I swore,
Tho, curst that thou may'st never Jilt him more.
See where he comes, the false protesting Dog,
But I'll my Aircs put on, and be reveng'd o'th' Rogue.

(Enter *Alexander* Attended)

Atten. Madam the Bawd your Mother and the King.

Alex. O my Stars! O thou Cross-grain'd Quean
Turn, Turn thy Ogles on me, I would squint at them,
What shall I say to put thee into Humour,
What Tavern goe to, where shall we get Drunk?

Stat. For me you shall not Drink.

Alex. For thee I will.

Before thy Face I'll have a Hogs-Head pierc'd,
And draw it out, be droun'd in Bumpers:
Name but as the VVine goes briskly down
One dear obliging Health, or Kiss the Glass,
Say, but 'twas pitty that so brave a Man,
Who had Ten thousand Bottoms of a Bottle seen,
With one dear Health, so early thou'd get Drunk,
And fall a Martyr to disdainful Punk,

Rox. Oh! Impudence! I'll be Reveng'd or Dye!
I'll have him kick'd? You! Rascal who am I?

Alex.

The Rival-Queens.

23

Alex. P'shaw! prithee dear *Rocky* now,
Don't be troublesome, you see I'm busy.

Rox. Rejected then! sent Supperless away!

Alex. Get to the *Rose*, and call for what you please;
Pullet with Eggs, Beef-stakes, or Sausages.
Bid, *Rause*, send in the Bill to me, away;
Sup any where without me, and I'll pay.

Rox. Yes, I will go, poor Scoundrel, as thou art,
Thou Tempest o'th Town; for as thy sword,
Has cut the Pates of thousand, thousand, *Watch-*
Men,

So will thy Tongue out-scold all Womankind,
But I'll begone, this last Disdain has cur'd me,
And I am now grown so indifferent,
That I con'd light you with a Candle to your Bed.
But do not trust me, do not; for if you do,
By all the Links and Flambeaux of Desire;
You'd better not, ———

For starve my blood, I'll set you both on Fire.

Atat. Oh *Alexander*! but yet I pardon thee,
Forgive thee all, by thy lew'd Life I do.

Alex. Ha! Pardon! said'st thou, pardon me!

Sys. Blessing on thy Heart ——— Oh! that's my
Own dear *Statty*.

Stat. Yes, I have pardon'd you ——— but I'm in a
huff.

Alex. O my *Hephestion*, bear me or I sink.

Stat. O *Sawney*! thou hast been a bitter Dog
To me ——— but let that pass ——— no matter! come
We'll Kiss at parting.

Alex. No if I do, Rott me ——— why *Statira*, why?
What is the meaning of this fiddle, faddle,
Oh! lov'd I see you thus! ——— Hell is not half
The Hummums, you've given me.

Clyt. Never did passions box it thus before.

Alex. O I shall burst,
Unless you give me Leave to Swear a little.

Sys.

Sys. Nay, dear *Starry* ———

Alex. Yes, I will shake this Cupid from my Arms;
If all the Tearing of my Lungs can fright him,
I'll kick him, fouse him, in a Horse-pond,
Make the *Moon* Drunk; and then like *Æolus*,
When he had nothing else to do, I'll strike
My Spear into a Reeling Fire-shovel,
To let it blood, set *Babylon* in a Blaze,
And drive this God of Flames with *Rockets*,
Squibs, and *Crackers*.

Stat. 'Tis Death to me, to see these Fire-works,
And since I ne're will be his Miss again,
Permit me to Remove ——— [Going]

Alex. I charge you stay her ———
For if she pass, by all the Whimsies in my Brain,
I'll strip you all, your Dirty Shirts shall
Wait upon her.
O turn thee, turn, thou barbrous Gipsy turn,
Hear my last VVords, and see the oddness of my
Fancy.

And now kneel all, my Fellow Rake-hells, kneel,
Yet lower, prostrate down ——— stand upon your
Heads ye Dogs! my Mother too! nay then ———
Let the swift *Sun* stand still, or go about his ———
Business, 'tis all one to her.
Now not a Face be shewn that is not smear'd
VVith black! Grim'd as if you'd all been sweeping
Chimneys.

Stat. Rise, may some body or other forgive you
all.

Alex. *Clyms* bear me hence.
When I am layd in Earth, yield her the *Moon*;
There's something here, that Brandy must Remove;
Burn me a Quartern quickly, farewell, odsbud for
ever.

Stat. Hold off, and let me Ramp into his Arms.
Did you then think to Drink your Nipperkn

With-

The Rival Queens.

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Without me: No thou dear bewitching Dog,
O I cou'd beg my Bread with you, Kifs me,
Nuffel,

Squeeze me, Rogue, till I'm black in the Face.

Alex. O thou dear teasing Toad!

This Night I will revenge me on thy Body!

Thou shall't not Sleep nor close thy Eyes,

The Idle Hours shall all be Jok'd away;

We'll play the fool all Night, and do the the same all
Day.

Stat. Nor shall *Roxana*——

Al. Let her not be Nam'd ——

Stat. Nay let her then be Damn'd

Al. O Mother! How shall I requite your Good-
ness?

But if a Crown can, here; get me a Guinea Chang'd;

And you my fellow Scourers, that cou'd stand

Upon your Heads, to please my *Statty*,

But I invite you all, Tagg, Ragg, and Bobrail,

Without Distinction to the Riot, Come.

Cly. Faith I'm half Fox'd already,

Prithce leave me out.

Alex. None, none shall be excus'd,

We'll Rake it all the Day, 'tis my Command.

Gay as a Spangle'd Player Ourself will stand,

With Burning Brandy in our lifted Hand;

Tnen *Statty*, *Statty*, shall be Tosted round,

While damn'd dull Dances beat the burthen'd
Ground,

And to Our Neighbours we'er a Nufance found.

End of the Third Act.

D

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter *Clytus, Heph. Eum. &c.*

CLYTUS.

AWAY, I will not wear that Powder'd Wigg.*Hep.* Dear *Clytus* be perswaded,'Tis *Alexander's* Order, you'll offend him.*Cly.* There's ne'er a Fop among you all
That loves the Rogue like me : But that's no matter.
I do'nt love to see him play the Fool ;
What I once have in my Head, out it comes,
And when the Wine is in—— You know the Proverb.*Hep.* Then prithee do'nt Sup with him.*Cly.* Why so, Puppy ! I wasInvited as well as you, was not I,
I'll go my Lads in this old Smoaking Robe,
And Drink, and Whiff, and Roar, and suck my Face,
And while you Reeling bow your Heads to Earth,
And smear 'em in the Dirt, I'll stand upright
Straight as a Scure, the May-pole of my Country,
And be by five Foot nearer to the Gods,
(Tho' that's not very much indeed—— but see
The Rake and all his Punks appear.Enter *Alex. Sys. and Parisatis.**Par.* Spare him ! O spare my poor *Lyfimachus*.
Speak the kind Word, before the spouting Pump
Sopps all his Cloaths : O let him not be Drench'd,
Only for calling your *Hephestion* Names ;
I'll Daggle thus for ever on my Knees,
I'll make your Way so slippery with Tears,

You shall not dare to Walk ; for Fear your Heels
Fly up, and you should break your Elbows.
Sister, do you Wheedle him.

Stat. Mum——

Ale. O Mother hide me, screen me, save me from
her.

Stat. Did not I break thro' all for you :
And Romp into your Arms ?

Nay prithee *Aleck*——Phoo ! You shall !

Sys. Nay Son, this does not hurt your Honour.

Ale. Honour, what Honour ! has not *Statira* said it ?
Were I the King of the Blew Firmament,
And the bold Giants shou'd again make War,
Tho' my loud Thunder too were in my Hand,
Rot me, if I'de strik a Stroke 'gainst her Command.
Fly then even thou his Rival so belov'd,
Fly with old *Clytus* snatch him from the Spout
Of the fierce Drenceing Pump, bring him unsous'd
To Supper, fit for scores of Bumpers——

Stat. That's my Dear, dear ! O let me hug you close ;
You are too good for Countesses themselves,
Now I can freely go, and take
A chearful Bottle with your Friends,
While in the Garret of *Simiramis*
I make your Bed, lay on clean Sheets,
Scented with Lavender,
And sweep the Room out for your coming— [*Exeunt.*

Ale. By Jove 'tis Ominous Our parting is.
For when I rung her by the Greasy Fingers,
Methought my Guts, did snap like Fiddle-strings.
Ha ! *Roxana* here !

Enter Roxana.

Why Madam Gaze yon thus ?

Ro. For a last Look.

Ale. Take it.

D 2

Rox.

Rox. Raschial !

Al. Peithee stand out of my way——

Rox. I will.

But I have sworn you shall hear me speak ;
And mark me well, for Garlick's in my Breath.

Al. I smell it—— Come along Perdicky. [Ext.

Rox. So unconcern'd ! O ! I could Broil my Flesh,
My Soul is pent, and has not Elbow Room ;
O thar it had a Space might answer to
It's Infinite Desire, where I might strip
And toss the Spheres about like Tennis Balls.

Cas. Look'ee ! Few Words ! Shall I cut's Throat ?
Tip but the Wink, and he's Crow's Meat.

Rox. Ha !

Ph. Behold your forward Slave.

Cas. I'll Execute.

Rox. And when I've made him sure, where shall
I find a Father for this Brat unborn ?

The very Constable will find my Lodging out,
And then, or Baile, or Bridewel is my Doom.

Cass. No Madam, I'll take care of that.
Pardon the boldness of my furious Love :
You shall live well, and Cleaner then before
In your *Cassanders* Keeping.

Rox. Peace most Audacious Scoundrel,
Or with this Mutton Fist, I'll dab thy Passion
In thy Face.

Cass. Your Pardon, Madam——
I'll play the Wagg no more.

Rox. Nor dare to meet my Eyes with a Love Glance,
For if thou do'st, I'll have thy Bones broke.

Cass. To make Attonement for the highest Crime,
I begg your Ladyship will take *Statira's* Life
To please your Fancy.

Rox. Get up again——

For thou hast made me ample Expiation.

Cas. The Garret of *Semiramis* is made this Night
The

The Rival Queens.

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The Scene of their close laid Intreigue;
No time so proper as the present now,
Lend me but half your Zogdian Mobb,
I'll do the Deed.

Rox. No Sir, I shan't need you, you'll Love again.

Caf. Nay dear Madam——

Rox. I'll head the Mobb my self, go you apart,
Get me some Brandy quick; Hay, haste, a Quart;
She first shall Drink my Health, and then shall
smart.

Exunt.

Caf. Gramercy Bulker—— She scorns to Scold
Beneath the Mobb—— We must be swift,
The Roguery we intend, who knows
She may Discover—— it must be done to Night
Now at his Supper.

Phil. I'll fill him a Glass—— What shall I put in't?

Caf. Observe in this small Viol certain Death;
I drew it from a Heynious hollow Tooth,
A Drop sneak't into Wine, will do his Business.

Phil. I long to be at it.

Caf. Haste to the Supper, at his Second Bumper
In with't—But Mum! — Not a word of the Pudding.

*Scene Opens, discovers Alexander on a
Joynt Stool, and his Comrades about him with Bumpers
in their Hands.*

Al. To our peculiar Health, and Statty's too.
All Drink it, Super-Naculam:
And while it briskly fly's about,
Let Brass and Iron joyn to make us Musick;
Speak the Big Voice, of Kitchen-ware,
Play all our Tongs, Our Gridirons, Pans and Kettles,
'Till we provoke the Gods to Roar like Us,
In Cans of Nectar, and in Popp's of Thunder

Enter

*Enter Hephestion, Lyfmachus, Clytus,
Lyfmachus his Hair Dropping.*

Cly. Long live my Bully, Conquest crown his Fift
With Black Eyes every Blow, Fortune's his Slave
And Kisses all that don't turn Tail upon him.

Al. Did I not give Command you shou'd
Preserve *Lyfmachus*?

Cly. Ye.

Al. What then portend those Dripping Locks?

Cly. Your Kindness came too late, *Perdiccas* had
According to the surly Charge you gave,
Already brought *Lyfmachus* to the Pump.
And——and——send to——

Hep. Prithee let me tell it.

So Sir, you must know, his Head indeed was bare;
But o'er his Cloaths the cunning Varlet wore
A right great Drab *Debery* Coat, such was his Wish,
To shew in Wet the Difference betwix't
Your Wooll-well-wove, and common Cloath.

Cly. Nay now I must put in——So Sir, in short,
When we had pump't, at least six Porters out
Of Breath, and thought we'd fous'd him pretty well,
This learing Rogue whip't off his dropping Coat,
And underneath appears in Cloaths as dry
As any here, Gad-Zooks! as You, or I.

Al. By all my Bruses 'twas a neat Coutrivance,
And 'tis my Glory, as it shall be thine,
That *Alexander* had not Power to Pump thee.

Lyf. However Love did make me play the Fool,
While I was Pump't, my Feaverish Blood did cool;

Al. *Lyfmachus*, we both have been a couple
Of Blockheads, but let that pass——

Come! *Parisati's* Health.

Fill him a Bumper, You, get his Wigg comb'd;

Thy

The Rival Queens.

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Thy Hand *Hephestion*— Hug him close— (Put it off)
Very well— *Parjatis*

Shall now be his that sits my Hand our best;
Neither Reply, but mark the Charge I give,
And her as you can— Sound— Sound
My Scoundrel's Honour— [Play Tongs here.
Live all you must, 'tis odd to give you Life.

Cly. The Fellows mad!

Al. Ha! what says *Clytus*? Who am I?

Cly. The Son of your Father, for ought I know.

Al. No 'tis false, by all my Kindred in the Sky;
Jove made my Mother Pregnant.

Cly. Why then you may be the Son of a Whore
For ought you know— I have done.

Al. I see you'll never leave—
But let the Sports go on. [A Dance here.

Al. Come *Clytus*, take the Perriwig.
[Banquet brought on here.

Cly. Sir, the Wine.

The Weather's hot, besides I love to have my Humour.

Al. I'd Burn, e'er be so singular and forward.

Cly. So wou'd I, Burn, Hang or Drown,
When I cou'd not help it,
I'll Drink or Fight for thee Old Bully Rock
With any here— Hey, give me t'other Bumper,
You'll Excuse me, Sir.

Al. You will be Excus'd:

But let him have his Humour, he's Old.

Cly. That's true, but I can't help it.

Lys. Nay *Clytus*, you that cou'd Advise,

Cly. Prithee don't be troublesome!

Al. Forbear,

Let him persist, be Positive, and Proud
Like an Infernal Spirit, that had stol'n
From Hell, and mingl'd with the Laughing Gods.

Cly. An odd Simile! But I'll be even with him. (*aside*.
When Gods grow Hot, where's the Difference

Twix't

'Twix't them and Devils—— Fill me Port Wine,
Yet fuller, I'm not half Drunk.

Al. Ha! Let me have a Catch.

Cly. Musick for Journey-Men— *Clytus* wou'd hear
The Noise of Tavern-Bells, and *Comming, Comming, Sir.*
Or if I must be Tortur'd with shrill Voices,
Give me squeaking of a Nut-Brown Wench.

Hep. Lyfimachus, the Captain's down in the Mouth,
Let's put the Glas about: Health to the Son of
Alexander's Father, each Man take his Bumper
In his Hand, Kneel all, and Kiss the Earth
Out of a Frolick.

Al. Sound, Sound that all the Neighbourhood may
hear.

Ha: ha, ha, Get up again you pleasant Doggs;
Kiss me dear Rogues, my Heart, and Lungs, and Guts
Are ever Yours.

Cly. I did not rub my Nose in the Dirt,
And so I suppose must not Kiss your Face;
Not that I care whether I do or no.

Alex. Thou envy'st my great Honour ——

Cly. Not I, Rott me.

Al. Ha!

Clyt. Sir, my humble service to you.

Al. Come sit my Friends —— Nay, I must
Have a Room too.

Sys. All the Reason in the world Sir.

Al. Come let's have a Song, [*Dialogue here*]
Now let us talk of Blood: - For what more fits
A Soldiers Mouth, and speak, speak freely or ——
You don't care this for me.

Who think you was the truest Rake,
That ever put a Constable to Flight?

Hep. I think the Moon her self ne're saw a Lad,
So truly brisk, so fortunately stout,
As *Alexander,*

Sys. Such was not any Body.

Al.

Alex. O you flatter me!

Chs. They do Ods-bud; yet you like 'em for it;
But hate Old *Chtus*, 'cause he blunders Truth out.
Come! shall I speak, a Lad more brisk than you,
A Prettier fellow, and six times the Rake.

lex. I shou'd be glad to Learn, Instruct me, Sir.

Chs. Your Father Capt. *Tom.* I've seen him scour,
And swear, and lay about him, where
The stoutest at this Table wou'd have run for't.
Prithee don't frown at me: what I say's fact.
VWhen Mob joyn'd Mob, then was the smartest
doings,

The Lab'ring Butchers swear, and crack't Crowns
bleed;

VWhy shou'd I fear to speak a Truth more Noble
Then e're your Father, fiddle come fiddle told you,
Tommy kick'd Men, but *Alexander* VVhores.

Alex. Spite by the Mats, proud spite, and scalding
Envy:

Is then my Glory come at last to this
Only to kick a VVhore?

In all the broaken Heads and Thumps I bore,
VWhen in my Skull the VVatchman's Bill was left,
Lysimachus, *Hephestion*, speak *Perdicas*,
Did I once Tremble! O the curs'd Lyer,
Did I so much as Grinn, or once cry Oh!

Jfs. Turn the Discourle, good Sir, the Old-Man's
Drunk.

Chs. You Lye.

Alex. I kick'd a VVhore too at *Oxadrace*,
VWhile like *Mercury*, I Leap'd the V Valls to fly
among

My Foes, and like a baited Poll-Cat, smear'd
My self all o're in the blood of those bold Hunters,
Till spent with Toyl, I battl'd on my Knees,
And sweat, and smoak't, and swore, and flounc'd,
and play'd the Devil among them.

Clyt. All a damn'd Lye from top to bottom.

Alex. Did I thep turn me like a Coward round,
And cry out Murther! the Rascal knows
I did not, O that thou wert Young again,
That like a Mill-stone
I might fall, fouse upon thy Head;
Grin'd thee to Dust, and dash thy Teeth out
For this damn'd Lye, thou pitious Bastard.

[*Throws Drink in his Face.*]

Clyt. VVhat's that for, Ha! what do you drench
me

Like a Pick-Pocket!

I know the reason that you Use me so,
Because I sav'd your Life at Billings-Gate;
And when your Back was turn'd, ventur'd my Bones,
Among a thousand Clubs and Prongs, you hate
Me for't: you do proud Prigg.

Alex. Away, your Breath's too strong.

Clyt. You hate the Benefactor, tho' you took the Gift,
Your Life, from this affronted *Cytus*,
VVhich is the black and blue Ingratitude.

Alex. Get out of the Room, thus far I forgive thee.

Clyt. Forgive Your self for all Your Rogueries,
Your Swearing, Drinking, Cheating, Picking
Philota's Pocket.

Alex. Ha! what said the Rascal!

Syf. *Eumenes*, let's force him hence.

Clyt. No, let him send me, if I must go,
To *Phillip Attalus*, *Calisthene*,

To Old *Parmenio*, and his bubbl'd Sons;

Parmenio who lent you many a Sum in's time

VVithout your Bond, but you ne're paid a Jack on't,

Al. Give me a Mop-staff.

Hep. Hold Sir.]

Al. Off Sirrah, least

At once I break his Head and thine —

VVhere is the Gentleman?

Clyt.

(*lyt.* Sure there's none about you, but here
Stands *Tory-Rory, Clytus*, that came to
Crack a Bottle with you,

Alex. Go sup with *Phillip*, [*Runs a Mop in's Face*]
Parmenio, Attalus, Calisthenes, and let bold
Scoundrels learn from thy sweet Pickle,
To tempt the Patience of a Man of Quality,

Clyt. My Brains are quite knock'd out,
And now I begin to come to my self.
O *Alexander*, I have been to blame indeed,
I am very sorry, Thee and I should Quarrel;
But I hope hear's an End on't—— for I
Don't believe I shall Live.

Alex. VVhat's this I hear! say on my Dying Joker,

Cly. I shou'd have cut my Throat my self,
Had I but once Liv'd to have been sober;
But you have maul'd me, and so it's as well
As it is —— Good buy to ye—— [*Dyes.*]

Alex. Then I am lost! what has my Courage done;
Who is it, thou hast slain: *Clytus*? ha! ay!

'Tis *Clytus* faith, good lack a Day!
Are these the Laws of Prodigality?
Thy Friends will shun thee now, and stand at distance,
Nor dare to crack a Jest, nor Eat with thee,
Nor smoak, nor Drink, least by thy Frolick,
They be maul'd too.

Hep. Guards, take the Body hence.

Alex. None dare to touch him,
For we must never part, here will I Lie,
Close by his bleeding side, thus kissing him,
These black furr'd Lips, that have so often Joak'd
with me,

Thus clasping his cold Body in my Arms,
'Till Death like him has made me stiff and staring.

Hep. What shall we do?

Sys. How do I know 'nt, ev'n call the Constable
I think.

Per. Help! help, Murder!

(Enter *Perdicas* with his Head broke)

Per. Help! Sir ho! *Hephestion* where's the Colonel?

Hep. There by *Old Clytus* side, whom he has
mauld,

Per. Nay, then

All our *Fat's* in the *Fire* again,

Rise wicked Sir, and haste to save my Lady,

Roxana, Cramb'd with furious Jealousie,

Came with a Lane of *Zogdian* Mob unmark't,

And laid about her, with such furious Rage,

That all are swing'd, that a Resistance made;

I only with this broken Head, thro' Staves and
Prongs

Have forc'd my way, to give you timely Notice.

Alex. Thus from the Grave I rise to save my Dear,

You that have Swords, lug out, that han't stay here.

When I rush on, sure none will dare say nay,

'Tis this, and that, that calls, and to'ther leads the
way. (Exit)

The End of the Fourth Act.



A C T

ACT V. SCENE I.

Scene a Garret. Statira Snoaring, the Spirit of Queen Statira her Mother, and Darius, rise with Bumpers.

STATIRA.

HEY Ho!
O I have had the strangest Dream! Methought!

My dead Drunk Parents, there I saw them stand,
Offering a Three Pint Bumper to my Hand;
Yet e'er the Glass cou'd reach my Banter'd Lips,
They Vanish'd both, and both sunk down as low
As any thing, as Hell for ought I know.
Why do I tremble thus!

Hence you Fantastick Forms! away! 'tis all
Burlesque! and yet nethinks he stays a damn'd
Long while! When will my tedious Rogue be here?
O! how I long to taste his Phizzing Lips,
To kiss him out of Breath, to hug him close,
And squeeze, and sigh, and sweat, and swoon away.
But hark! 'tis he! the dear ones come at last.

Enter Roxana Attended,

Rox At length we have clamber'd these five pair of
Stairs.

This flying Garret, whose most strong Ascent
Is thrice as high as is the Monument,
If I had laid the Clouds, I'd ly'd.

Stat.

Stat. Nay then too sure my Dream foretold some Evil,

There, there's the Jade will send me to the Devil.

Rox. Bolt the broken Door,
And make it fast with all the Stools and Tables.
Where, where's my Rival?

Appear *Statira*, now no more in keeping,
Roxana Calls, where is your Bladder Face?

Stat. And who art thou, whose foul Mouth'd Words,
Declare thou know'st not what belongs to Breeding?

Rox. I like the Port Imperious Beauty bears;
But if your Ladyship's more Quality than I,
Offers to stab her.

Here take this Bumper off Immediately;
Come to *Roxana's* Health——or do't dye.

Stat. *Roxana*, No, tho' I dare take my Dram
As well as you, or any other Dame,
Yet that I may a sweet Nights Lodging take,
I'll keep my sober Vow, for *Sawny's* sake:
Beside, I scorn to Drink the Glass you fill,
And therefore fearless of thy Threats, dare still
Walk thus Regardless by, and thus thy Brandy spill
(Strikes down the Glass)

Rox. What in your Airs? nay, then a bigger Glass.

Stat. O hold!

Rox. Drink or I'll throw it in thy Face *(Drinks)*
So; now 'tis off, 'twill make the Rascal think
When I have kill'd thee, that thou Dyd'st in Drink,
Tho' wou'd'st thou back again his Heart but give,
Thou yet the Empress of the Moon shou'd'st Live.

Stat. This I dare promise, if you spare my Life,
He'll use you better, than he wou'd his Wife.

Rox. His Wife! that all!

Stat. Perhaps at my Request,
If you spare me, shall shake you by the Fist;
Nay, you shall kiss him thrice, and thrice be fairly
kiss'd.

Rox.

The Rival Queens.

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Rox. But thrice! no more!

Stat. A little more! O Yes!

Your Friend shall ever be, so I'm his Miss.

Rox. Your Friend! what must I bring you then together,

Be his stale Bawd ———

Stat. Yet hold thy hand advanc'd in Air,
And since thou hast Resolv'd, I must be mauld,
Wreak then thy bloody Vengeance on me,
Wash in my blood, and swill thee in my Gore,
Make Puddings of my Guts, minc'd Meat
Of my Heart;

But oh, *Roxana*! yet dear Sister Sterling,
Give me Polt in *Alexanders* presence.

Rox. If I do ———

(Enter *Cassander*)

Cass. Madam, the Rake with all his Scoundrels
At his Heels, are forcing open the Doors, he swears
He'll break the Heads of all that stop his Entrance,
And I much fear your Capons will obey him.

Rox. Then I must haste, thou Dyest. (Stabs her)

(Enter *Alexander* and Guards.)

Alex. O *Serpent*! thou shalt Reign the Queen of
Rockets.

Rox. Ay, strike me do! behold my Guts swell
forth

To meet thee, They'r full of Wine, of Veins
That run burn't Brandy.

Alex. O my Soul! O one's how she smells—huh—

Rox. You see the Pickle she's in, and I
Confess my self the Cause, she's Drunk.

Alex. And dar'st thou Monster think to scape thy
Glass? *Stat.*

The Rival Queens.

Stat. O Aleck?—uh! I am very sick—

Al. Answer me Father, wilt thou take her from me;
Is then the Orange-Colour'd Hour at last arriv'd,
That I must never wallow in her bottom more;
Ne're more, look pretty Babys in her Eyes,
That shot me with a thousand and eleven smiles?

Stat. Farewell, dear Aleck!
O I'm in a dismal Pickle!
Grant me one thing.

Al. A couple if you please; but Name 'em.

Stat. First, then, ne're leave your Company before;
You get as Drunk as I ———
And O! sometimes among your Bumpers
Think of your poor Staty,
And as you Guzzle of the chearfull Glass,
Throw in but one Goe-down in memory
Of me, and then call what 's to pay. *(Dyes)*

Al. Close not thy Eyes, for I have fifty things
To say before thou goest, tell the Gods I'm coming
To give 'em an Account of this and that and t'other,
About Eleven Hundred thousand Fooleries that much
Concern the Tittle-Tattlement above Stairs ———
O! she's gone! the Talking Fool is Dumb!
O! that thou wer't a Man, that I might Kick
Thee down the Stairs, and scatter thy Contagion
As Quacks hurle Pocky Bills when they are Hungry.

Rox. Why do you Frown upon your Humble Servant?
For yet I Love thee spite of all thy Roguries;
Ther'es still so much of the dear Rake about you,
I'd fain approach, but that I fear a Beating;
For Our dear Babes sake clear that Bullying Brow,
It knocks me down, the little Whelp I bear
Leaps frighted up, and kicks me when you sweat.

Alex. O! Rise! thou barbrous Jade! get up! take
heed!

I do not hurt that Bastard yet Unborn;
For whose Young sake, I now forgive you all.

But

But haste, be gone ! fly with thy Pardon hence ;
Left I should call it back, and let you
Get it as you can.

Rox. I go, I whisk for ever from thy sight.
If there be any Bayliffs here in Town,
That now have Writs out 'gainst this perjur'd Clown,
Lay quick some unbail'd Action on his Head,
Maul the Destroyer, Laugh the Raskal Dead,
Thump the Thumper, and avenge my Wrong ;
In his best Cloaths , drag him thro' Dirt and Dung }
Hooted by Rabble, let him cout along. }
And when in Goal half Dead he 'gins to Snivel, }
Grant I may stand to teach him to be Civil ; }
Nay after Death—— }
Pursue his beaten Ghost, and kick him to the Devil . }

Enter Perdiccas.

Per. Sir, I beg your Pardon,
For I am a dismal Messenger.
Great *Syfigambis*, nor knowing *Statira's* Death,
Is now no more alive than I am.
Her first Words (for her first were always her last)
Gave *Nunquam Satis* to *Lyfimachus* :
But that which most will set your Hair an End,
Your poor *Hephestion* having cram'd his Guts
Toe: ull of your last Fowl and Bacon,
Is o: a Surfeit Dead.

Alex. How, Dead ! *Hephestion* Dead ! impossible !
He was alive within this half Hour !
But he sleeps happy, I must Wake for ever.
Who had the Care of poor *Heptstion's* Life ?

Per. *Philarda* the Apothecary.

Alex. Fly Messenger—— Tols him in a Blanket,
That for *Hephestion*——
But here lies my Fate, *Hephestion*, *Clytus*,

All my Fopperies for ever folded up ;
 O when shall I be Mad ! When ! Why now I will
 Give Order to the Army that they break their
 Shields, Swords, Spears,
 Pound their bright Armour into Dust, away !
 Is there not Cause to play the Devil among 'em ?
 Tear all your Cloaths, he dies, that wears a pair
 Of Britches in my sight, all like the Sons of *Bedlam*
 Burn all the Spires that seem to kiss the Sky,
 'Tho' thats but very few——beat down
 The Battlements of every City—— Ay ! there !
 Untile the Houses, pull the Chimneys down,
 And for the Monument of this strange Creature,
 Root up the Streets, and pave 'em all with Gold,
 Get it where you can, drain dry the Exchequer,
 Make the Bank of *England* poor
 To build her Tomb, no Purse, nor Persons spare,
 Pick Pockets free, so you but make it rare. [Ext.]

Cas. Cassender's Plott is now brim full of Death,
 O how I hug my self for this Revenge.
 The Day grows Dark, because 'tis almost Night,
 And all the Ghosts are now afraid of me,
 At least 'tis Terrible to say so.
 How ! Do's it Work ?

Enter Phillip:

Phil: It do's:
 I follow'd him and saw him scour away
 To the Entry : He stumbled at the Door,
 And broke his Forehead ; then call'd for a Piece
 Of wet Brown Paper——
 And said he must dispatch the business of the Moon
 In haste

Enter

Enter Thessalus.

Thes. Back, Back, all scatter!

The Dole has pinch'd him with such twisting Gripes
That I cou'd pittie him.

Phil. Where shall we meet?

Cas. In *Lister-Fields*.

Methinks I see the frighted Deities
Raming more Bolts in their big-belly'd Clouds,
And setting all the Heavens in Labour.

Thes. That's more than I see.

Phil. I say let's Laugh.

Cas. I say talk big.

While each Soul here whose Vessells newly Tunn'd
With Murder swells, nay squirts with Ruin o're,
And from the Drunken Deed this Glory draws,
Wee've Kill'd the saddest Dog, that ever was.

Exe.

(Enter *Alexander* attended)

Alex. Search here and there! and Probe
Me every where, Pull, Draw it out.

Lys. This must be Poison.

Per. Marry Heaven forbid!

Alex. Ha! Who talks of Heaven,
I am all Hell! I burn I burn again.

The Rogues shall have the worst on't! Hey!
For the Horse Pond! bear me old Ball amongst
The Bayliffs. O! 'tis a Noble Beast, I wou'd not
Change him for the best Horse in Keeping at
New-Market, for they're damn'd dear, their Breeding
Costs more, their Gates are Walk and Gallop,
Pace they cannot.

And if their Masters mount 'em Hey!
They Whisk him off again.

L

Lys. Help all, *Eumenes* lend's your Hand to hold him.

Alex. Ha, ha, I shall burst with Laughter.

Parmenio, Clytus, do'st thou see yon Beau?

That Powder'd Prigg, that ne'er pay'd in's Life?

See how he break's the Head of the Boxkeeper,

Because he has a French Perriwig on, and thinks

He can like *Lewis*, huff the World with Feathers,

And fright 'em with *Cockades* — ha, ha, ha,

Perd. How foolishly he Rants?

Sys. Yet Heroical in his bombast.

Alex. Sound, Sound the *Sow-Gelders Horn*! keep the
Mobb out,

Ay, now they shout.

O the brave Din, the noble cry of Whores!

Charge, Charge a-pace; and set the Pump agoing,

Her Bully comes — ha! let me tame him, none dare

To pary me, — I'll Pink the scoundrel; — Ay, 'tis

Hackum,

I see, I know him by his Tally'd Dudds,

And the long jarring Tilter by his side;

But like a Watchman, thus I'll bolt upon him —

He Reels with that Box, he falls into the Cellar;

He's down, take him, hurry him to the Compter,

Huzza! huzza! huzza — follow, *Victoria*,

Victoria; *Victoria*, — O let me take a Nap.

Perd. Raise him softly, and carry him to the
Lumber-House:

Alex. Hold, the least puff blows my Candle out.

My Vital Snuff is winking in its Socket;

My Liver and my Heart's to Tinder burnt,

And all my smoaky Intrails made black Puddings.

Lys. When you, the Greatest *Sarwney* that e'er liv'd
Shall die, there's none of us will e'er be like you.

Alex. Let me hug you All before I'm *Non Compos*:

Weep not, Dear Sons of Raggamuffins; the *Mint*,

Or *Drury-Lane*, will raise you in my stead,

One that will teach you how to Bully better.

Sys.

Lys. Break not our Twatling-Strings with saying it.

Per. We will not Part with you for *Tom a' Bedlam*:

Alex. *Perdiccas*, take this Key,

And see me laid in the Temple

Bogg-House.

Sys. To whom does your dread Royalty bequeath
The Empire of the Stars?

Alex. To him that can get up to't.

Perd. When will you blust'ring Sir, that we shou'd
pay

To your Monumental Fame, those high Rites
Of Coaching, Feath'ring, and Anointing *Bayliffs*.

Alex. When *Sawney's* Landlord shall dare Arrest my
Corps

Your Paws——O Father *Tom*, if I have Discharg'd,

The Duty of a *Covent-Garden* Royesterer;

If by my Countless and Unpatteren'd Oaths,

I have deserv'd the mighty Name of Sharper.

Accept this Breath, which once like yours, could vent

It self another Way, and sweetly sigh out Backwards.

[*dies.*

Lys. *Eumenus*, cover the broken Bellows——Burr't,

And let us find the Traytor out that Rack'd 'em.

Lysimachus stands forth to Probe the Treason;

And swears by th' Immortal Clangors of his Master,

He will not sweep the Streets, nor scour the Jakes,

Till he has Reveng'd the greatest, best of Rakes.

F I N I S.

The Royal Ode

O'er the world's wide empire
 We will not Part with you for ever, Britain.
 When Britain takes this Key
 And let me take in the Temple
 To whom does your great Royalty bequeath
 The name of the State?
 Alas! To him that can get up to it
 Part! When will you bless this, that we should
 To your Monumental Fame, those high Rites
 Of Coaching, Feasting, and Anointing
 When James's Landlord shall dare Attack my
 Corps
 Your Paws—O Father, how I hate Discharge
 Of the Duty of a Great-Great-Great-Great-Great
 If by my Quacks and Ignorant Obedience
 I have not a the mighty Name of Shun-pan
 Accept this breath, which once like yours, could vent
 In a another Way, and sweetly sigh out backwards
 [then]
 If Britain, cover the broken bellows—Hush!
 And let us find the Taylor out that Rack'd him
 When his hands first to broke the Nation
 And let us by the Imperial Chamber of his Master
 He will not live, nor love the Jack
 Till he has Rotten bell or Rotten

